

## Friendship under Arvin Dales' Fire

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Summary: All Beyla ever wanted was a chance to see what the world was like away from Berk, but when her older sisters constricting rules and suffocating over protectiveness drives her away, she might find the adventure she has been dreaming of, and a friendship she she never expected, in a glowing Dragon that everyone fears.

## Friendship under Arvin Dales' Fire

**\*\*Hey guys, I just got the first chapter of a How to Train your Dragon fanfic.\*\***

**\*\*I have this story set a little before the episode 'Flight of Passage' and somewhat within the middle of it.\*\***

**\*\*This first chapter is mainly just introducing my Oc, but I hop you enjoy it none the less:D\*\***

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><p>It was a bright day on the Island of Berk, white clouds lazily floated through the clear blue skies. On days like these it was best for sailing, and getting work done quickly for the villagers.<p>

But on the outskirts of the village, nestled in the woods there was a two story hut that was home to Svana Wargrout, one of the villages best healers, everything wasn't going quite as smoothly as she would want.

"Beyla!"

Svana walked out from her home, her blond hair shining as bright as gold in the sunlight. "Beyla come out from where you're hiding!"

"Honestly, where has that child gone to." the older woman said to herself, looking around her land for her daughter. "Beyla!

"I'm here!" a voice suddenly called. And she turned to see her youngest daughter, Beyla running over the grassy hill that was behind their hut. "I was relaxing just over the hill, mom."

"Oh I wish you wouldn't day dream so much, child." Svana chided when Beyla stopped before her and she brushed bits of grass from her daughters long, braided auburn hair. "If there were Boars roaming nearby you'd be an easy meal for those awful things."

"It hasn't happened yet, has it?" Beyla said with a smile. "Did you need something mom?"

"Yes, dear." her mother said as she went back into the door way of their house and pulled out a large woven basket. "I'm running low on my special herbs, could you go out and gather more for me? I need a full stock for tomorrow."

"Sure thing." she stated, slinging her arms through the shoulder straps of the basket and hurrying towards the woods. "I'll be back soon!"

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It hadn't taken long for Beyla to reach the spot where her mothers special herbs flourished within a soft, grassy indent in the ground that was shaded by the thick branches of a large, leafy tree. And after she settled on her knees, she began to dig them out and place them in the basket.

She stayed focus on her task for a good while, but then her thoughts started to wander.

Her older sister, RÃ³ta\*\*,\*\* was due back home any day from her expedition over seas. And no doubt she'd have lots of great stories to tell of new places and things Beyla could only imagine.

After a moment, Beyla paused in picking herbs, letting out long sigh as she looked up through the branches of the tree with her hazel eyes and stared at at the puffy white clouds that floated across the blue sky.

Her biggest dream was to leave Berk. She wanted to get off this island and go with her sister into the big world, and see for herself the sights and wonders that she always talked about.

And maybe, just maybe, her dream would finally come true this time.

The sound of a horn blowing in the distance made Beyla blink and she looked over her shoulder, closing her eyes and listening carefully...

After hearing another horn call, a wide grin spread across her face and she ran back to the forest, gathering a few more of the herbs for her mother and then quickly slinging her arms through the straps. And after making sure the basket was secure, she ran as fast as she could through the trees to get to the village.

RÃ³ta was  
home!

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When Beyla finally made it to the village, she instantly raced to the docks, smiling with she caught sight of a familiar, twin horned helmet come into view.

"RÃ³ta!" Beyla cried out, waving an arm to catch her older sister attention as she continued to run towards her.

RÃ³ta looked over at her call, her amber brown eyes lighting up at the sight of her little sister. "Well look who it is," the elder sibling began, looping an arm around Beylas' neck ad pulling her in close.

"Hey Bean, didn't miss me too much did'ja?" RÃ³ta asked, putting her other hand on Beylas' head and mussing up her hair. Something that she knew annoyed her little sister greatly.

"Not as much as I did a moment ago, get off!" Belya demanded, pushing her RÃ³tas' hand away and squeezing her head free. "Are you ever gonna stop calling me Bean! You \_know\_ I hate that!"

"It's in your name, isn't it?" RÃ³ta asked with a smirk, circling around her little sister and looking her over. "Still a little bean of a thing I see, you haven't grown much at all since I left."

"Well, maybe you're hair's longer, but that's about it."

"Oh hey, I got you a couple of things, Bean." Her sister started before Beyla could say anything. "Late birthday presents from me." She then pulled out a small dagger from her belt and placed it's

smooth, ivory handle in Beyla's hands.

Beyla marveled at the weapon she held before slowly pulling away the leather sheath, blinking as the sunlight glinted on its polished blade.

"Wow, this is for me?" Beyla asked excitedly.

Rã³ta gave a nod, and suddenly held up a black pouch and presented it out to her. "This is yours too." She said.

After Beyla re-sheathed her new weapon and looped it in her belt, she took the pouch from her sister and opened it up, reaching in and pulling out a thick twine necklace that went through three, amber-colored stones.

"The merchant called them 'worry stones' Rã³ta explained as Beyla quickly put the necklace on. "When you rub the big stone in the middle with your fingers, it helps to ease your worries."

"I have one too," Rã³ta said, reaching under her fur cape and pulling out a necklace with stones that were identical to hers, only they were a greener color compared to her stones. "I got them in colors that matched our eyes so-" She suddenly cut herself off with a cough.

"Well, now you won't have to worry about me so much when I'm out now." she covered, looking away from her while hiding a sheepish look.

Beyla smiled, touching her new necklace gently. "Thanks sis, I love it." she said sincerely.

Rã³ta met her eyes again, and for a moment, she smiled back as well. But the somewhat tender moment was gone when her older sister suddenly blinked, and an almost sour look fell over her face. "What's that?" she demanded in a tone that Beyla always dreaded.

Beyla stiffened, instantly figuring out what she had meant.

She had meant to drop the basket she had off somewhere before meeting her sister, but had forgotten. "Uh, what's what?" she asked, trying to hide the basket from view. Rã³ta gave a loud snort, reaching behind and grabbing the basket by the rim, forcefully pulling it closer and nearly making Beyla fall over.

"These herbs only grow deep in the forest." Rã³ta stated, her voice tense as she let go of her with a light shove. "What have I told you about doing that alone?!"

"But, Mom was running low on them, she asked me to get some more." Beyla defended, backing away slightly and ducking her head down.

"Oh Mom!" her sister snapped angrily. "Honestly, that woman needs to have a lesson in parenting!"

Rã³ta gave an agitated huff, but then she fixed her little sister with a cold sneer. Beyla was lucky she was too tired to give her the biggest lecture of her life. "Go home. I'll be back later this evening." she told her, walking around Beyla to follow the rest

of her crew towards the Great Hall.

"And if I find out you took a detour from the path back, you'll be \_sorry\_!"

Beyla only watched her sister follow her crew mates leave a while before she let out a frustrated sigh before she did as her big sister said. As much as she loved RÃ³ta, she didn't miss this at all.

She'd been gone for two long years years, yet she still treated Beyla like she was five.

And along with the irritation she had against her sisters unfair treatment, she felt a sinking weight in her heart that her dream would still remain just that.

A dream...

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Aw, poor Beyla :((<strong>

\*\*I hope you guys liked it so far, be sure to let me know what you think!\*\*

End  
file.